To Touch and Be Held

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To Touch and Be Held

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

I saw a post on twitter that said Hannibal's love language is to touch, and Will's love language is to be held.

Hannibal always made sure to brush his fingers against Will in some way, always found a reason to hold some part of Will throughout the day. He often brushed his fingers over Will's hands when he handed him his morning coffee, when he handed over his wallet and keys, because they never said 'I love you' when he left. It was like a silent conversation. Will always nodded afterwards. He would put a hand on Will's back when he brought his dinner to the table.

The people around them were often disturbed by the sheer amount of touching Hannibal did, and it seemed Will never reciprocated. A mere touch told Will everything he needed: *I love you, I'm here, no you can't kill him, do you want me to kill him?* and so much more.

And while Will does not do much touching in their domestic life, he loves being touched, to be reminded that he's not alone anymore and that he is very much loved and cared for. He lets no one hug or hold him, because he knew somehow, sometime, they will not be there for him. But he let Hannibal. He always let Hannibal hold him. His partner knew when he needed it most. Hannibal always held him so tenderly, and Will would simply relax in his arms, or rest his heavy head in his hands, close his eyes, and sigh in content.

It meant a lot to Hannibal, the ability to hold Will without a fuss, without being pushed away, without it being awkward. He's observant. He knew knew he's the only one who can comfort Will like this. Each sigh, each time he relaxed, the 'I love you' could be felt. It burned into his skin, sank down to every bone.

All Hannibal wanted to do is touch and comfort Will. Will simply wanted to be held and reminded that he was well loved.

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